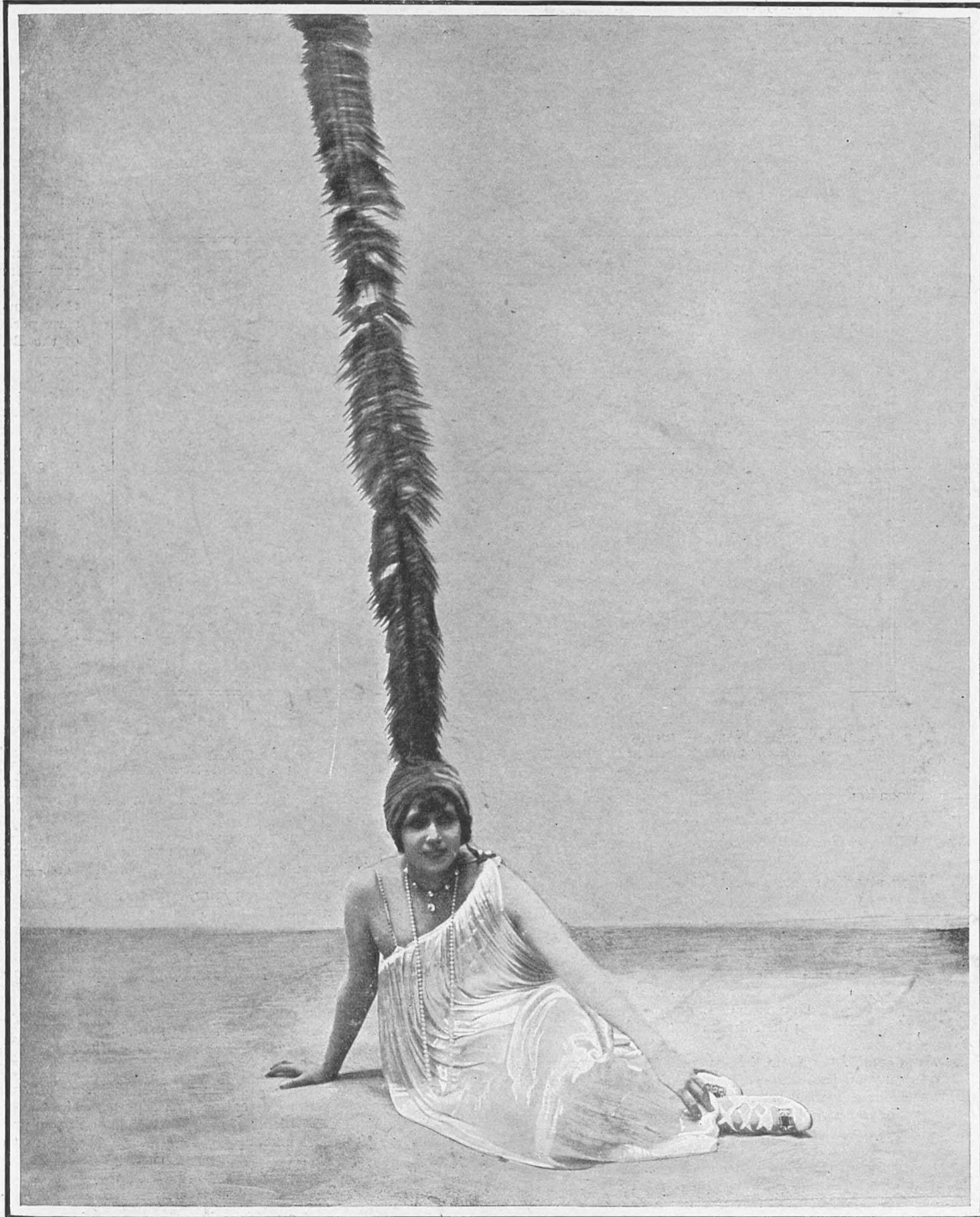


# The Sketch

No. 1321—Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1918

NINEPENCE.



A FEATHER IN HER CAP! MLLÉ. MISTINGUETTE, THE FAMOUS PARISIAN COMÉDIENNE.

Mlle. Mistinguette is accustomed to feathers in her cap. She has added another lately by her success in the revue at the Casino de Paris in Paris.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Old Brigade.  
 "Birds in their little nests agree;  
 And 'tis a shameful sight  
 When children of one family  
 Fall out, and chide, and fight."

(1) The Army is all right.  
 (2) The Navy is all right.  
 (3) The Airy is all right.

And yet one cannot take up a newspaper without finding Mr. This calling Mr. That a scurrilous rascal; whereupon Mr. That, not unnaturally, replies in another paper that Mr. This is a scurvy and unpatriotic scoundrel. Elsewhere, Lord Here is informing the world that Lord There is a self-seeking numskull, and Lord There instantly proclaims Lord Here a vicious and semi-alien rogue.

The remedy lies in the hands of Lord Rhondda. He must reduce their meat ration.

When I was a little boy, and behaved naughtily, I was always told that my bad conduct was due to too much meat. These elderly gentlemen who quarrel amongst themselves in wartime are behaving very naughtily. They are setting a bad example to the children. Their meat ration must certainly be reduced. I would fine them a coupon for every angry letter they write to the papers, and another coupon for every peevish speech they make. A lentil diet would stop the nonsense in no time.

"BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE."  
 (New Version.)

Then steadily reduce the cold shoulder;  
 Ruthlessly withhold the roasted blade;  
 They're far too strong:  
 Meals much too long—  
 Starve the Boys of the Old Brigade.

Great German Naval Victory.

It is not so long ago that the Germans sank His Majesty's Ships *Thetis*, *Iphigenia*, and *Intrepid* at Zeebrugge. That was a grand victory, marred only by the escape of those powerful cruisers, *Iris* and *Daffodil*. (Their day will come. They may prowl the oceans, these Leviathans, devouring all and sundry, but their day will come.)

In the meantime, right on top of the loss of the brand-new ships I have enumerated, what happens? H.M.S. *Vindictive*, loaded with a valuable cargo of cement intended as food for our starving Armies in Flanders, has been sunk by the Germans off Ostend. Not in the harbour; not in the mouth of the harbour; not anywhere near the harbour. Just "sunk in a convenient place by German gunfire, and all the crew killed or taken prisoners."—(German Wireless).

What is Our Navy Doing?

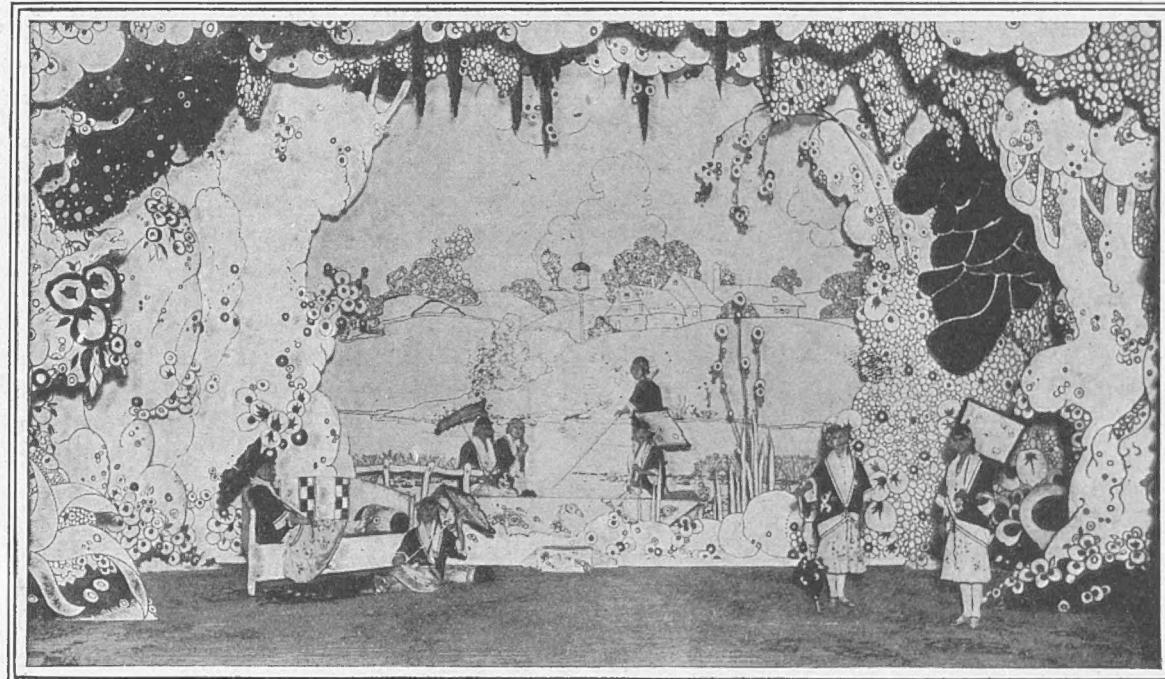
Terrible fellows on the sea, these Germans. They do as they like. They glide, swoop, and strike at will. Portsmouth, Dover, Harwich—where are they? Bombarded, blocked, destroyed. It is useless to endeavour to conceal these facts any longer from the British Public.

We have a Navy, it is true, but what do they do? What are they up to? Carrying cargoes of cement and getting sunk! Can't even be trusted with a simple load of cement. Lose their way, trying to sail without a compass, get over to Ostend in the darkness, and down they go. What else could they expect? Have the Germans no mines, no battle-ships, no submarines, no gunners? Folly!

And then, of all ships, we must go and lose the *Vindictive*—that Peerless Swan of the Five Oceans! At one moment she is with us—serene, immaculate, the last word in all that ingenuity could

devise and millions buy. The next moment—bang! —she is gone, the proudest ship, perhaps, of the British Navy.

Well, somebody must pay the penalty. There must be a couple of new First Lords, and three or four new First Sea Lords; and, if any gentleman can be found, by farm, field, or fireside, to take on the job, he must have command of the Grand Fleet. We can't go on losing ships in this way. Four in a fort-



A BLACK-AND-WHITE SCENE BY GLADYS PETO: "A RIVER FANTASY."

It would be painting the lily to pile up praise of Miss Gladys Peto's piquant drawings for readers of "The Sketch." Of this striking scene in black and white, designed for the Palace Girls, in which they have appeared at the Victoria Palace, and are now touring with much success, with the Moss Empires, it need only be said that the execution is as dainty as the whole scheme is characteristic.

night! And look at the price of fish! Can't the Navy, not to mention fighting, even fish!

Concerning Dogs. The dog being in jeopardy, I would remind those in authority of this little verse—

"While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,  
 A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay:  
 But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,  
 And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite."

Which Oliver Goldsmith, in his turn, and doubtless for his own good reasons, rendered thus—

The dog, to gain his private ends,  
 Went mad, and bit the man.  
 The man recovered of the bite,  
 The dog it was that died."

Human nature is admirable; but, in a word, there are others. If we are to turn our serious attention to the lethal chamber, must we really begin with the friend of man? Could none of us prepare a little list of ration-consumers who bring less loving-kindness into the world than a dog?

Besides, there are dogs and dogs—

"I am His Highness's dog at Kew:  
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

When the canine tribunals sit, and the applications for exemptions come up, the condemned dog may die in queer human company.

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interesting dinners during May and June. One, on May 27, is on Social Reconstruction. Lord Leverhulme is going to speak on his special subject, "A Six-Hours' Day"; and Lord Lamington on "Public-House Reform." Professor Adams, Professor of Education at London University, will deal with "Some Aspects of Education."

At the  
International  
Society.

One has always felt a certain amount of sympathy for the people who admired frames when

taken to a picture show; sometimes frames are intriguing—more so than the pictures they frame. Edmund Dulac has justified those of us who like frames, for he has made a most fascinating one of different colours, including a jewel green, for the delightful little picture he is showing at the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Sir John Lavery evidently is a great admirer of the rose wrap Lady Lavery wears with such grace, and has painted her in it, and made one of the most successful portraits he has ever done. He calls it "Hazel in Rose and Gold." Incidentally, there is a gorgeous bit of purple in the draperies that makes a fine colour-scheme with the rose and gold. Ambrose McEvoy is represented by several portraits, including an interesting one of Lady Tredegar and an inspired portrait of the Lord Provost of Aberdeen. Yeats, the poet has a painter brother, Jack B. Yeats, who shows a delightful drawing of a donkey. He calls the picture "The Old Ass," and the whole has a naïveté and charm that captured quite a deal of attention. A. J. Bennett, the well-known artist, who recently had a show at Lady Plunket's house in Chelsea, was admiring it when I was in the gallery. By the way, he told me he has spent five years on the river studying river life between London and the Isle of Dogs.

At the Academy. Looked in at the Royal

Academy, where I found a varied but on the whole fashionable crowd, it being Saturday afternoon. There were a great many members of the Forces and the Administration, looking with interest at the portraits in particular. There are still as many, or even more, Society and political people on canvas, besides several fighting heroes. Sir John Lavery and Charles Shannon

"Why haven't you written the 500 lines I gave you?"  
"It seemed such an awful waste of paper these times."

divide the honours in this respect. The Lavery portraits include Edmée Dormeul (Mrs. Owen), not in "The Better 'Ole" costume; "Eileen and Diana," the delightful mother and small daughter; Mr. Asquith; and Mrs. Thornton. Mr. Shannon's "The Dumb Wife" (Miss Lillah McCarthy) is a most realistic work. Lady Broughton he has placed among Gainsborough draperies. Miss Bruce Ward and Mr. James Buchanan come from his brush, and one subject picture, "Girls Bathing." In Room I., "A Spanish Lady," by William Strang, Briton Rivière's nice lions, "The Blue Bird," by F. Cadogan Cowper (which has a modern mediævality), and Sir Arthur Cope's portrait of Lord Claud Hamilton call for note. There are one or two newer men who have certainly made good this year. David Jagger has two portraits, Miss Iris Van Raalte and a khaki sitter, on the line, and a Bolshevik study. J. Olssen's "Night Wrack" and "Sea Pool" are very striking seascapes; Mr. Fraser Litchfield shows us an individual, "Mme. S. Maurice"; Greiffenhagen portrays Mrs. George Wilson, Mrs.

S. Hislop Pettigrew, and Mr. James Mackean; Mr. Matania has achieved one of the successes of the year in his "Neuve Chapelle, 1915." Room V. has several unconventional Academy pictures, especially the big (and daring) canvas by Walter Bayes; Miss Lindsay's "The Triumph" (there too is the "Bolshevik" of Mr. Jagger); Miss Diana Gresson, by Ralph Peacock; and "Iris in Her Orange Robe," by Richard Jack. "Nelson at the Council Before Copenhagen," by Arthur McCormick, appeals to me far more as a national purchase under the Chantrey Bequest than does their selection of Anning Bell's "Mary in the House of Elizabeth." The large gallery has, of course, some royalties gracing the walls, No. 1 of which is a large panel for the Royal Exchange executed by Mr. Salisbury. Portraits, too, there are of Lady Bailey and her daughter Starr, by William Llewellyn; Mrs. Ramsay, in black, upon a brilliant cushion, by Arthur Hacker; and Walter Ouless's "Portrait of the Artist," destined for the historic Painters' Room at the Uffizi Galleries in Florence. Arthur Hacker's "The Watchers," in Room VIII. (No. 4) is a somewhat novel treatment of a familiar theme. No. 212, near by, is one of the remarkably few child pictures this year. Mr. Edmond Broch has been very successful both

with this and his "Dame en Noir." No. 231, by H. Gwelo Goodman, is a sunny foreign corner good to see in these stay-at-home days. Gallery VI. claims our attention with a battle picture, "Bourlon Wood, 1917," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; Mr. Elwell's "Jam Factory"; and portraits of Sir Reginald Rankin by Arthur Hacker, two by Herbert Draper, and James Quinn's "sketch portrait" of General Sir William Birdwood. In the next room, P. Bertieri has a full-length of the Countess of Bradford, with her diamonds rather wonderfully portrayed; there is an interesting study of the "Old Limehouse Water Side," by the late Napier Hemy; and Mr. Arthur Wardle's "Leopards in the Moonrise." Watson Nicol's portrait of Mr. Eric Rose, and Captain Lee-Hankey's portrait of Captain Howard Paget are both in Room VI., where also there is a tragic cartoon painting of "Belgium, 1914," by Bernard Partridge. Sir Luke Fildes has Alison, daughter of Colonel Sir Alexander McCormick, and also of work.

All on a Summer Day.

On the Flag Day for the Belgrave Hospital summer set in with a rush. I was in the West End, and saw simply crowds of people in spring frocks. Miss Maud Allan, in becoming dark-blue worked in grey worsted and a touch of chinchilla at the throat, Mrs. Astor, exquisitely gowned, and so dignified with her beautiful grey hair, were in Bond Street. I bought Tombola War Bond tickets from Lady Muir Mackenzie down the Haymarket, where she had a stall opposite the Carlton. In St. James's Park a ceaseless rush of taxis and cars full of Brass-Hats, belonging to all our different Government departments, fled past me: Berlin would have been most dejected to see how alive London still is this fourth year of the war. The Green Park has come into its own again. A scarlet-and-gold military band was playing under a sun-awning to many people, including numbers of wounded in blue, nurses, and small children with bright frocks and long bare legs, picnicking beside perambulators under the trees. In fact, summer is here and the Huns are not!



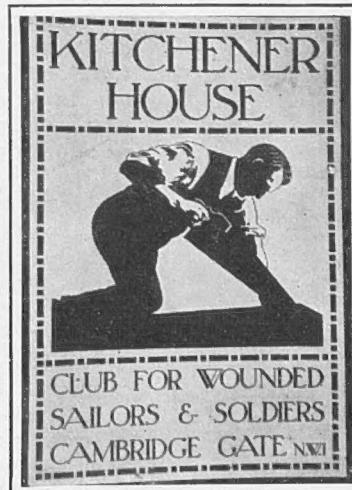
MR. GEORGE GRAVES IN A NEW KIND OF (FOOD) PRODUCTION: ON HIS RABBIT FARM IN SURREY.

Photograph by News Illustrations Company.



"Wanted, for gentleman's house, Chinese cook and butler!"—From "Situations Vacant."

his own portrait, a fine bit



TRAINING AND RECREATION FOR WOUNDED MEN: A KITCHENER HOUSE POSTER COMPETITION — CARPENTRY (AWARDED THE FIRST PRIZE) AND BASKET-MAKING (SECOND PRIZE).



Kitchener House, at 8, Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, is a club for wounded soldiers and sailors in hospital, with a recreation-room, dining-room, lending library, and class-rooms, where training is given in commercial subjects, languages, arts and crafts, bookbinding, embroidery, and so on. No fees are charged, but a man may pay for his meals if he likes. The main object is to provide occupation for men bored with the tedium of hospital life, and all wounded men are heartily welcomed.



THE KING'S English: "I wish I could shake the hand of each one of you." Let all writers note his Majesty's precision, and avoid in future the too common phrasing, "I wish I could shake each one of you by the hand." What an infinitely disagreeable process, reminiscent of nothing so much as the patient whom her attendant was found violently shaking before administering a dose bearing the comparatively harmless legend: "To be well shaken before taken."



ORGANISER OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL: LADY MURIEL PAGET.

Lady Muriel Paget, who organised the Anglo-Russian Hospital, has arrived at Montreal, from Kieff, with a party of refugees after an adventurous journey lasting since February 22. Lady Muriel is the wife of Sir Richard Surtees Paget.

Photograph by Lafayette.

now encounters charming ladies, dressed in becoming uniforms, all briskness and bustle among tens of thousands of volumes which they are in the act of sorting and packing for despatch to the sick and wounded in hospitals and convalescent homes near and far. Mrs. Gaskell, C.B.E., is the presiding genius, and to her fine judgment is due the appositeness of every allocation. Every bullet has its billet. So has every book; and, under Mrs. Gaskell's command, it manages to reach it too.

*The Maurice Dance.* The most-talked-about General in all the British Army during a nine-days' wonder is not yet out of his forties.

He was, therefore, neither a young man in a hurry nor an old man in a hurry. But there is a great deal of Hurry in him all the same, for Hurry was his grandmother's surname, and some people say that the Hurry blood always flows true to its name. His grandfather, Frederick Denison Maurice, was the son of a man who forfeited an estate rather than forego his religious

opinions, and was himself one of the Apostles' Club at Cambridge, and the friend, early and late, of Tennyson, who addressed to him the famous "Invitation" that bristles with the fierce polemics then astir. These were religious

rather than political, for Maurice was the leader of the Christian Socialists, and a very Broad Churchman to boot. But Tennyson made him welcome to the Isle of Wight "Though thirty thousand College Councils thunder anathema, friend, at you." It was in the recollection of these "battles long ago" that his grandson alluded to himself, the other day, as an hereditary democrat. "Freedom of speech" is such a very fine thing—on paper.

*Here are Ladies.* Lady Kenmare is the author of "Mary of the Winds," the little volume of stories of Kerry published under the pen-name of "Enodeen." Lady Desborough, bolder than her friend, signs with her own name, Ethel Desborough, a notice of the volume in a daily paper. And one passage in this

notice runs:

"'Mary of the Winds' contains a strange secret of consolation within itself. The years of which it tells are mainly the agonising years of the war. The 'gay place above, with all the young of the world straying there, straight

from the battle-

field' seems very near." What adds to the pathos

and the strength-givingness of the passage is that

both the story-teller and her reviewer have lost

sons in the war—the two brilliant Grenfells and

Dermot Browne, a Coldstreamer who fell in France

when he was just twenty-one.

*The Golden Silence.* "No flowers" is a familiar enough finale to announcements of deaths; but the appeal for "no letters" is, perhaps, peculiar to the present war. Temperaments differ, and rules of procedure with them. To some people the assurances of sympathy are particularly welcome. To others they add a new terror to death. Parents

who have lost one son, and had a letter-bag of condolences, may be forgiven if they shun a repetition of the same expressions of regret.

"Friends please not write again" is the plea put at the end of one such announcement in the *Times*. This is so general a sentiment that perhaps the precedent might be accepted, and any second death in

a family be honoured in silence without any suspicion of indifference. There is no court of etiquette to settle such matters beyond any risk of misunderstanding; but some leaders of society might well approve this abstinence.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: MRS. BODLEY.

Mrs. Bodley is the wife of Major R. Bodley, M.C., and daughter of Major F. Stapleton-Bretherton, who is a member of a very old and interesting Catholic family. Her mother belongs to another well-known Catholic family—that of Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS UPON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER: LADY HENRY SEYMOUR.

Lady Henry Seymour is the wife of Colonel Lord Henry Seymour, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, brother of the Marquess of Hertford. Lady Henry was, before her marriage in 1915, Lady Helen Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A V.A.D. INVALID: MISS DOROTHY BROOKE.

Miss Brooke was Hon. Directrice of the English Canteen, Gare du Nord, Paris, 1915-16, but had to relinquish the work on account of ill-health. She is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Brooke, late 1st Life Guards, and a niece of Mr. Edward Brooke, Ufford Place, Suffolk, and cousin of Sir William Ingilby, Mariota Countess of Wilton, and the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Petre.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF A WELL-KNOWN GENERAL: MRS. BRIDGE.

Mrs. Bridge is the wife of Major Charles Bridge, M.C., the only son of Brigadier-General Sir Charles Bridge, K.C.M.G., C.B. Mrs. Bridge, who was married in 1916, was Miss Georgina Hall, daughter of the late Mr. James Wesley Hall, of Melbourne.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.



WIFE OF THE NEW AIR MINISTER: LADY WEIR.

Lady Weir is the wife of the new Secretary of State for the Royal Air Force, Sir William Weir, and daughter of Mr. John McConnachie, of Glasgow. There is a rumour that Sir William may ere long be promoted to the Peerage.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

## WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN M.P.s—AND THEIR CHILDREN.



1. WIFE AND SON OF THE M.P. FOR SOUTH BIRMINGHAM: MRS. AND MASTER JOHN AMERY.

2. WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE M.P. FOR SOUTHAMPTON: MRS. W. DUDLEY WARD, PENELOPE, AND ANGELA.

Mrs. Amery and Master John Amery are the wife and son of Lieut.-Col. Leopold Charles Amery, M.P. for South Birmingham, and eldest son of the late Mr. Charles F. Amery, Indian Forest Department. Mrs. Amery was, before her marriage, Miss Florence Greenwood, sister of Lieut.-Col. Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., M.P. for Sunderland, and, since 1916, D.A.G.

at War Office.—Mrs. Dudley Ward is the wife of Temp. Lieut.-Commander W. Dudley Ward, M.P. for Southampton, and is seen with her children, the Misses Penelope and Angela Ward. Lieut.-Commander Ward was Treasurer of H.M.'s Household, 1909-10, and married, in 1913, Miss Winifred Birkin, daughter of Colonel Charles Birkin, Lamcote, Radcliffe-on-Trent.



## SMALL TALK

THE appointment of women to inquire into the burning question of what is and what is not a luxury has naturally led to a great deal of speculation as to the possible outcome of their deliberations. The curiously "mixed" qualifications of the seven chosen ones give promise of lively discussions and possible difficulties in arriving at any unanimous conclusions. "Smart" women feel their interests are safe in the capable hands of Mrs. "Freddy" Guest; and Lady St. Helier has always been an exponent of the kind of dressing that bases its claim to distinction on sterling quality rather than a rigid adherence to the mode of the moment. Mrs. H. B. Irving and others can be trusted to represent the views likely to be held by the "masses"; but it will take all the tact and good temper of the assembly to decide on a "luxury" standard likely to command itself to both extremes.

### The Misunderstood Potato.

Lady Byron, already decorated for war services, has been busy championing the cause of the misunderstood potato. Her Ladyship, as an early convert to the merits of margarine, can claim a first-hand acquaintance with war food, and I remember well the scathing remarks on the subject she addressed

to the Press when Thetford Guardians publicly announced their conviction that margarine must not appear on the workhouse menu. The suggestion that food queues might be prevented by shopkeepers calling out from upstairs windows the number of persons they could serve with given commodities was another of her contributions to war-created problems. Lady Byron's war-work, however, has been by no means confined to the realms of destructive criticism, and scores of nurses have happy memories of rest at the home she organised for their especial benefit on Parliament Hill.

### Wanted, Volunteers.

Behind the announcement that Lady Henry Grosvenor is in need of voluntary workers at the Y.M.C.A. canteens at Woolwich lies a record of work as strenuous as any undertaken in the war. Thousands of munition workers have good cause to be grateful to the fate that sent Lady Henry, as President for the Y.M.C.A., to the South-Eastern Metropolitan area, where her "canteens" are beyond praise for

### ENGAGED: MISS M. C. V. JACKSON.

Miss Moira Cecil Violet Jackson is the only daughter of Major Cecil Welby Jackson, late 8th Hussars, and Mrs. Jackson, of 70, Cadogan Place. She is engaged to Captain Rupert Wyndham Lewis, M.C., the second son of Colonel Henry Lewis, J.P., D.L., late 1st Devon Yeomanry, of Greenmeadow and Tongwynlais, Glamorganshire.

Photograph by Swaine.

comfort and good management. "Canteens," by the way, hardly conveys an adequate idea of the spacious establishments where thousands of workers satisfy the pangs of patriotic hunger in up-to-date restaurants on excellent food at rock-bottom prices. Possibly one reason for Lady Henry's success is her readiness to listen to suggestions from her clients. She has—or had—a box for the purpose, the contents of which received her personal attention, and no reasonable request is ever overlooked.

### The Live End of the Wire.

So Gordon Bennett is dead. The news means more in Fleet Street than in Belgravia, for Bennett was not very well known in English



ENGAGED: MISS G. O. EVANS—LIEUT. J. W. BUCKLEY, M.C., COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Miss Gladys Olwen Evans is the youngest daughter of Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, T.D., and Mrs. Evans, of Goring Place, Llanelli. Lieutenant James Buckley, M.C., Coldstream Guards, is the younger son of the late W. J. Buckley, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Buckley, of Penyfai, Llanelli.

Photographs by Swaine.

society. He preferred the Continent, and rarely made any advance to travelling English people. But most men who have made a mark in letters or journalism have some memory either of his ruthlessness or his singular generosity. Whether Bennett gave an employee "the sack" or a pile of banknotes, he was sure to give the action a touch of drama that would make it live in the recollection. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* has had on its staff at one time or another every variety of budding genius; it was, perhaps, the last resort of a brilliant man going downhill, or the first thought of a youngster who wanted to see Paris and learn French. It was the wonder of other newspaper proprietors how he managed to control so successfully a New York daily paper from his yacht or from any corner of Europe he happened to be in.

*A Cross-Bench Lord.* Everybody who has visited Penzance, the most westerly borough in England, must have noticed the statue of Sir Humphry Davy. I wonder if Sir Humphry will soon have a graven image of the late Lord Courtney, also a native of Penzance, to keep him in countenance. Lord Courtney was the son of a Cornish bank cashier, and himself began life as a clerk. But a man so difficult to fit in any niche



Photograph by Swaine.

Lord Courtney was the son of a Cornish bank cashier, and himself began life as a clerk. But a man so difficult to fit in any niche was not likely to settle down to the scales and gold-scops. By sheer dint of character he forced himself, first, into Cambridge, then into Lincoln's Inn, and finally into the House of Commons and the Government. It was then that his real troubles began. For Courtney carried independence to a point which made it very difficult to co-operate with other politicians. He could not agree with Gladstone over Home Rule; he could not agree with Chamberlain over the Boer War and Tariff Reform; and since he had been in the House of Lords he had been the protagonist of every cause momentarily in bad odour. Almost blind of late years, and clinging to the yellow waistcoat and blue coat of a long-past fashion, he was one of the most picturesque characters of his time, if also an irritating one to some people.

### Well Versed.

The Duchess of Rutland and Lady Wentworth have become Vice-Presidents of the Poetry Society. Not everyone who drives fat oxen need himself be

fat, nor need

lovers of

poetry (we talk no more of patrons) be themselves proficients in the art. But it happens that Lady Wentworth, besides being the great-grand-daughter of one poet (Lord Byron) and the daughter of another (Wilfrid Blunt), is herself a writer of verse admired of all the initiated. The Duchess of Rutland, whose artistry goes into portraiture, has made chalk drawings of more than one poet among her friends. In her household, too, the practical and the poetical go together; and Lady Diana Manners varies her hard hospital training with occasional picturesque and always charming appearances in the *tableaux vivants* which are this or that war-charity's fortune, and her own reading of the poetry of life.



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN J. T. KYFFIN, R.A.F.—MISS M. J. WILLS.

Captain John Trevor Kyffin is the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel John Kyffin, R.A.M.C., of Penrhyn, Hants. Miss Mary Joyce Wills is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wills, of Ramsbury Manor, Wilts.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



ENGAGED: MISS JOAN PATTERSON.

Miss Josephine W. (Joan) Patterson is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Patterson, of Sorrento Lodge, Ryde, and previously of 40, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park. She is engaged to Lieutenant George W. M. Grover, Royal Air Force, only child of the late George Grover and Mrs. P. Samuelson.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

## MARS AND HYMEN: THREE NOTABLE WAR WEDDINGS.



1. THE WEDDING OF MISS ROSE AYLMER AND MR. H. F. LASCELLES, WELSH GUARDS: THE BRIDE.

3. THE WEDDING OF LIEUT.-COL. D. E. FORMAN, C.M.G., R.F.A.,

The wedding of Mr. Henry Francis Lascelles, Croix de Guerre, Welsh Guards, and Miss Rose Aylmer took place on May 14 at St. James's, Piccadilly. The bride is a daughter of the late Col. Arthur Aylmer and niece of Lord Desborough.—Lieut. Walter Maxwell Hannay, Croix de Guerre, Coldstream

2. THE WEDDING OF LIEUT. W. M. HANNAY, C.G., AND MISS KATHLEEN FLEMING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

AND MISS EUNICE MACLEOD: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Guards, and Miss Kathleen Fleming, were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on May 15.—The marriage of Lieut.-Col. D. E. Forman, C.M.G., R.F.A., and Miss Eunice Macleod took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road, on May 14.

# PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



## MORE LONDON DIALOGUES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WE were waiting for a belated 'bus—to wait does not always mean to see!—two smartly *chapeaued* and shod little ladies were standing in front of me.

"Oh, let's walk it!" said one impatiently.

"Walk!" shrugged the other. "I can't afford to walk—cardboard shoes are so expensive. Let's take a taxi."

And, the pity of it, it is true, and not a paradox. Shoes nowadays, if you are so rash as to walk in them, within a fortnight give up their soles to the devil (who made them). But the word cardboard was not quite accurate—surely the lady meant *paper*!

Fighting for a 'bus has sometimes its compensations. The other evening as, squashed, strangled, half stripped and suffocated, I succeeded in standing, victorious, as the Fifth Person of the Inside, a pleading voice clamoured from the pavement, "One more?"

"Full up!" barked the veteran conductor, tugging sternly at the fatal rope.

"And on top?"

"Full up!" emphasised he fearsomely; then, turning to us inside who were listening, selfishly content and appreciative, "People of the present day," he stated sarcastically, "don't know the meaning of full up—they are on *rations*!"

As I was hair-drilling by the window the other sunny morning I overheard the following illuminating dialogue on the fashionable disease of the moment from two charladies who, below, were beating the carpet—oh, without much cruelty!

"What d'yer think of this 'ere new hilness, Mrs. White—bottlism, as they call it? It comes from tins and preserves, so they say."

"Bottlism—out of tins! No, Mrs. Brown—out of *bottles* more likely! I did say as 'ow things would 'appen when they began a-tampering with the English beer!"

I thought I met Spring the other day—instead, it was Mrs. Nevinson, wife of the artist—your artist on the Western front. She is brilliantly fair, and, in a little green hat and floating green veil, suggested almond-blossom and spring foliage. Why does not Mr. Nevinson paint her portrait? I like that of himself which he did some years ago, and bought back from Augustus John, only to let someone else have it.

We all work on the land these days  
Edyth Goodall tells me she has  
turned her bit of land belong-  
ing to her  
country cot-  
tage into a  
potato-patch.  
McEvoy made  
me laugh by  
describing a  
week-end



spent at his place  
in Dorset, where his small  
son, home from Eton for the  
holidays, daily operated upon  
the fowl-house with a whitewash  
squirt, the result of reading the Hon.  
Mrs. Lionel Guest's book; and he,  
the famous painter, bent the whole  
of his attention upon finding beau-  
ties in potatoes!

"Selfishly content  
and appreciative."

I have heard of yet another butter substitute, which was not precisely a success. The tale was told to me by an R.N.A.S. officer long captive in Hunland, now happily free.

The officers at his prison camp were well treated; and, as they numbered members of every Allied nation, thought to vary the monotony of their diet by cooking each in turn a national dish.

The Irishman presented a savoury stew, the Russian a wonderful imitation Bortsch, the Italian macaroni with tinned tomatoes and cheese (a great *plat* this), the Englishman poached eggs served on bread! (fried in cocoa-butter not bad), and the Scotchman compounded some excellent oat-cakes. Alas! he so used the last scrapings of the week's fat-ration—and thereby hangs the tale of the fall of my compatriot.

He desired to serve *pommes-de-terre et choux sautés*, and sought in vain for fat in which to fry (we can all sympathise with him now). At last his eye lighted on a tin of "BUTTER SCOTCH." "The very thing! So the English also they place the national adjective after the noun!" quoth he. Ah, but it was hard; still, with the help of a hatchet he broke it into small pieces and succeeded in melting it in his frying-pan. They all had *très mal au cœur* afterwards!



On Sunday, June 1, Miss Irene Vanbrugh is giving a wonderful concert at the Palladium to gather funds—£1000—for a "Drama" bed in the Garrett-Anderson Hospital for Women and for the Children's Aid Committee.

At this concert every "star" in London will give his or her best. Everything will be so well organised—Miss Vanbrugh is a born organiser—that there will be no long waits, and everything will go with a click, as the lads in France say. There will be something new in the way of auctions, for, instead of pictures and *objets d'art*, nice, useful, and delicious things like young carrots, early asparagus, and garden things the names of which make your mouth water will be offered for sale by George Robey. The good things are to come from Miss Vanbrugh's own garden, and will be as fresh as a daisy. Tickets, which are not expensive, can be bought from Miss Irene Vanbrugh, 4, Wyndham Place, W. 1. Boxes by arrangement.

Apropos of my remarks on shoes, a reader sends me the following dainty rondel—

TO A VERY PRETTY GIRL  
IN THE LATEST ADORABLE  
COSTUME.

I saw you passing down the street  
Which all men know as Piccadilly;  
The fascination of your feet  
Enthralled my vision, willy-nilly.

In patent leather you looked sweet  
And cool, although the heat was  
grilly;  
I saw you passing down the street  
Which all men know as Piccadilly.

Your skirts were very short—'twas meet  
Such grace to show, to hide it silly;  
I longed to have the right to greet  
So fair a maid—but you looked chilly.  
I saw you passing down the street  
Which all men know as Piccadilly.

X. Y. Z.

## SUN-PICTURES ! LIGHT EFFECTS IN A FEZ BAZAAR.



A PICTURESQUE NETWORK EFFECT OF LIGHT AND SHADE: INTERESTING FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS OF A COVERED MARKET AT FEZ.

Morocco is a land of contrasts, both picturesque and political. That part of it which is under the beneficent influence of France has done much for the Allied cause, supplying both men and grain for Europe. Elsewhere in Morocco Germans are intriguing with the object of ousting

both the French and the Spaniards and getting the whole country under their control. The above interesting photographs illustrate the material side of Moroccan contrasts. They show the interior of a bazaar in Fez, with picturesque effects of sunlight pouring through an overhead network awning.

*French Official Photographs.*

## "FIJI": A PAGEANTEER FOR THE RED CROSS.



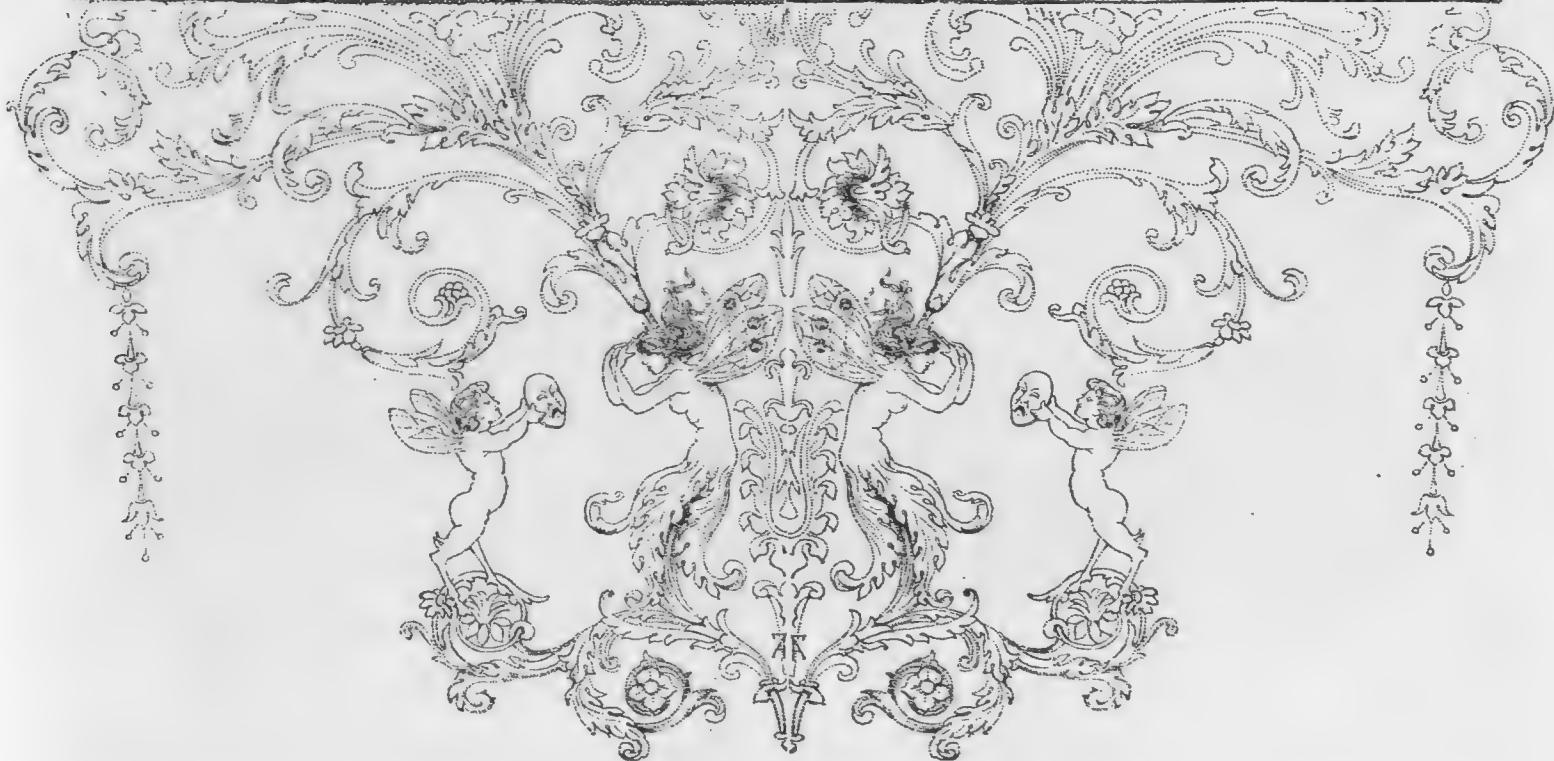
Of Grosvenor Street and Graythwaite Hall: Mrs. George Sandys.

Mrs. Sandys, who appeared, as Fiji, in "The Pageant of Freedom," is the wife of Major George Owen Sandys, Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry, of 50, Grosvenor Street, and Graythwaite Hall, North

Lancashire, and was, before her marriage, Miss Dulcie Edyth Angela Redford, daughter of Sir Edward Redford, C.B., Secretary to the General Post Office in Scotland from 1900 to 1912. Mrs. Sandys was married in 1914.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

## WIFE OF AN H.A.C. OFFICER: HER LATEST PORTRAIT.



## MARRIED TO A BARONET'S HEIR: MRS. GERARD MAXWELL-WILLSHIRE (MISS LILIAN BIRTLES.)

Miss Lilian Birtles, who is well known in the theatrical world, is the wife of Lieutenant Gerard Maxwell-Willshire, who is serving in France with the Honourable Artillery Company. Mr. Maxwell-Willshire is the only son of Sir Arthur Maxwell-Willshire, second Baronet, of Tubbenden Manor, Orpington, Kent. Miss Birtles, to whom Mr. Maxwell-

Willshire was married in 1912, is the daughter of Mr. Henry Birtles, of 8, Montelieu Gardens, Putney, S.W., who is Controller of Stamps at Somerset House, and Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. Sir Arthur Maxwell-Willshire served in the Egyptian campaign, 1882, and was awarded the medal with clasp and bronze star.

*Photograph by Yevonde.*

## “THE NAUGHTY WIFE” OF A DIPLOMAT



AS ELOISE FARRINGTON IN “THE NAUGHTY WIFE”

Miss Gladys Cooper has added to her long series of successes by her delightful acting as Eloise Farrington, “The Naughty Wife”, in the comedy of that name at the Playhouse. Eloise, giddy and frivolous and wedded to a novelist engrossed in his work, seeks consolation in a lover, with whom she prepares to elope. The husband, discovering the state of affairs, instead of creating a disturbance, takes a deep and diplomatic line. Assuming the air of a *mari complaisant*, he facilitates the elopement in every way, even to the extent of placing a bungalow at the disposal of the pair.

On  
Pr  
W  
n

## DIPLOMATIC NOVELIST: ELOPING ELOISE.



### "MY WIFE" AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS GLADYS COOPER.

On arrival there, however, the lovers find installed not only the husband himself, but a charming widow to whom the lover was previously engaged. Placed thus in a ridiculous and embarrassing situation, it is not long before the naughty wife repents and decides to return to her conjugal allegiance. With Miss Cooper as the wife, Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the husband, Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the widow, and Mr. Stanley Logan as the lover, there is no wonder that the piece goes with a swing and is vastly entertaining.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

## CAUSE OF MUCH CONTROVERSY: A "VIVISECTION" PLAY.



"THEY GO TO MY LABORATORY TO-NIGHT": (L. TO R.) MR. SAM LIVESEY, MR. NORMAN PAGE, MISS MURIEL BARNBY, MR. FARREN SOUTAR, MR. AUBREY SMITH AS DR. MANNING.



(L. TO R.) MR. FARREN SOUTAR, MISS KYRLE BELLEW, MISS HELEN HAYE, MR. AUBREY SMITH.



BETRAYED AT A SO-CALLED FORTUNE-TELLER'S: MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS KATE.

Considerable controversy in medical circles has been aroused by the thrilling American "crook" play, "The Knife," by Eugene Walter at the Comedy Theatre, which exhibits a surgeon taking the law into his own hands and subjecting to vivisection two criminals who have outraged his fiancée, instead of handing them over to the police. The

girl, frightened by a negro servant's prophecy as to her future, left her country home secretly to consult a fortune-teller in New York, and did not return. From this establishment, really a house of ill-fame, she is rescued by the surgeon and his friends, including a woman doctor (Miss Helen Haye).—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co. and Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

## OUT OF THE FIRE INTO THE FRYING-PAN: ELOPING MORTALS.



ARRANGING HIS WIFE'S ELOPEMENT: MR. HAWTREY AND MISS GLADYS COOPER IN "THE NAUGHTY WIFE."



RALLYING A RECALCITRANT FIANCÉ: MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AND MR. STANLEY LOGAN.



THE ACCOMMODATING HUSBAND COOKS FOR HIS ELOPING WIFE: (L. TO R.) MISS GLADYS COOPER AS ELOISE, MR. HAWTREY AS HILARY, MR. LOGAN AS DARRELL McKNIGHT.

In "The Naughty Wife," at the Playhouse, Mr. Charles Hawtrey plays the ostensibly complacent husband who amiably facilitates his frivolous wife's elopement, with the real object of placing the lovers in a ridiculous position, and bringing her back to her senses. In the first photograph he is seen dictating terms and insisting that the elopement

and divorce shall be duly followed by marriage. Below he is shown cooking a meal for the pair in the bungalow which he has placed at their disposal, and where they are much embarrassed to find him. Miss Ellis Jeffreys abets the plot as the charming widow to whom the lover was previously engaged.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

## A SOCIETY MATCH-SELLER—FOR THE WAR HORSES.

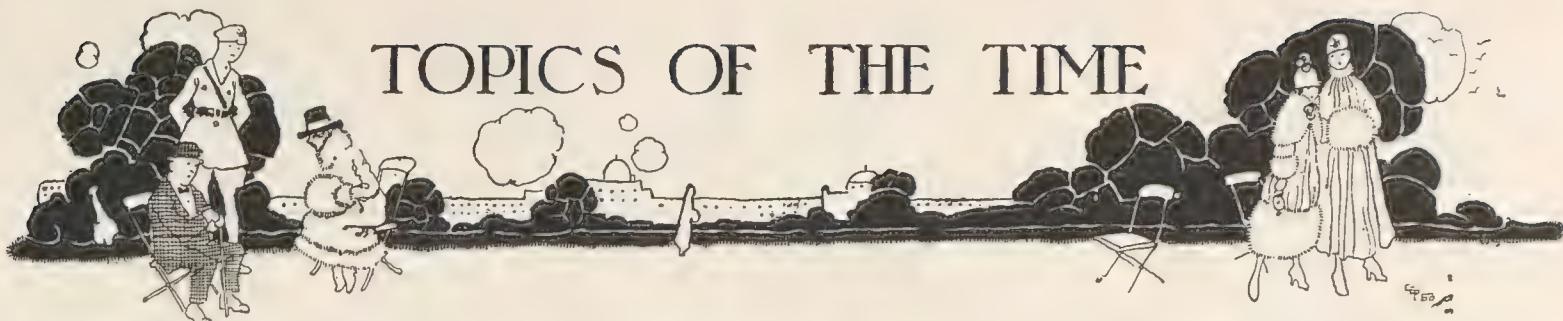


*Her Latest Portrait: the Countess of Clancarty.*

The Countess of Clancarty has been an energetic worker for war charities from the first, and was recently selling matches at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the Blue Cross Day for Horses. She is the second wife of the Earl of Clancarty, who also holds the title of Marquess of Heusden,

in the Netherlands, and was married to him in 1908. Before her marriage, Lady Clancarty was Miss Mary Gwatkin Ellis, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Rosslewin Ellis, barrister-at-law, of Fulford, Yorkshire. She has two little sons, the Hon. William and the Hon. Power Le Poer Trench.

*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*



YOU and I are wondering how this Luxury Tax is going to work. I have been told by my tailor that it is a luxury nowadays to have your coat lined with silk. Perhaps it is to a good many men, but not to the man who has been reared in silk lining and knows no other.

And, in any case, there is the important question of proof. Shall I be required by the tax-gatherer to remove my coat for



A HISTORIC SHRINE FOR THE NATION: MELROSE ABBEY.

It is said that the nearly eight-centuries-old Border shrine, Melrose Abbey, immortalised by Scott, will ere long be offered to the nation by the Duke of Buccleuch. Alexander II. of Scotland is said to be buried at the foot of the altar, and the hearts of King David and Robert Bruce also lie within its walls. It was founded in 1136, by David I.

*Photograph by H. N. King.*

examination? If so, what of the hidden splendours of feminine attire? Rumour and advertisements tell me that undies to-day are the last word and the last shilling in extravagant beauty. . . . Where are those tax-gatherers?

My Daphne wears a Quaker dress with ne'er a frill upon it. Her shawl is rigid righteousness, as likewise is her bonnet. Her cotton gloves are sober grey; while neither ribs nor clockings are ever, ever seen (by day) upon her dismal stockings! Her whole appearance seems to be a poster for "No Luxury!"

But e'en a cloud (as Daphne looks) does inwardly some shining; and probably, when D. unhooks, one sees a silken lining! However, it is not for me to moralise or lecture. In fact, so far as I can see, the thing is all conjecture! For aught that I can tell, or you, she might be Quaker through and through!

Comparing dinner-table conversation of to-day with that of pre-war times, which "used to be all about books, plays, and unhappy marriages," a distinguished writer says that when he dines out now with the recklessly hospitable he finds himself called upon to answer questions about "scarlet-runners, rat-poison, and poultry food."

Some talked of books, and some the Play, and some of famous people's "lives." And some had helpful things to say concerning other people's wives. And when you'd heard the gossips speak you could have sworn upon your oath all books were dull, all plays were weak, and all your neighbours' wives were both!

To-day our dinner-tables buzz with what to do, and what you've done, and what your neighbour says he does to make the scarlet-runners run. Or what is best (while being cheap) to end the rat's destructive day; or what a hen will cost in keep before she condescends to lay.

Confusion, when the wine arrives, besets the talk, for it is then the rats get jumbled with the wives, and scarlet-runners with the hen. Or you are asked if you have read "The Poisoned Egg," or seen the play, "The Scarlet Wife." And so to bed, to dream of gnawing stacks of hay!

Cried somebody in the crowd, when the American troops were marching through London, "They are a real husky lot!"

And lo, the word passed on from mouth to mouth, and long before the day was out it had been settled and sealed, with the friendliest intentions, and in that generous outpouring of pavement heartiness which conveys compliments by sound rather than by sense, that these most beanful and most unhusky of men were the Huskies!

I assure you, oh my brothers of the honoured Stripes and Stars, with your eyes as bright as beetles and your mouths as tight as scars, that you really needn't worry o'er the nickname you have got, for we've only called you Huskies for the reason that you're *not*!

When you know our language better you will know our people too, for they often say, "I don't think" when they really mean they do; and they say a thing is "chronic" which is only new-begot! So believe me you are Huskies only just because you're *not*!

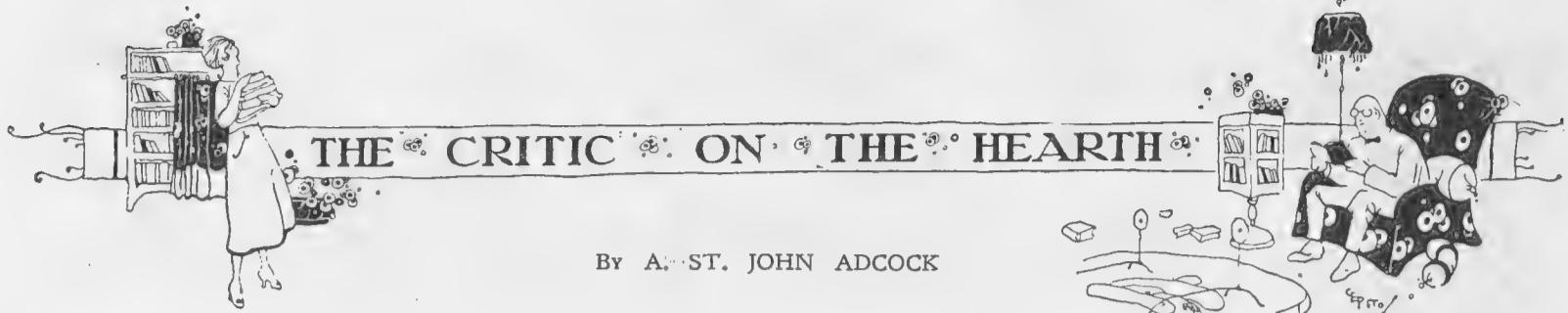
A. B. M.



THE THIRD GENERATION: COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND HIS GRANDSON.

"Archie," who is here seen on his first visit to his famous grandfather, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, is the first son of Captain Archie Roosevelt, who has been slightly wounded in France, and decorated for bravery in the field. Colonel Roosevelt is once more in his usual robust health, and pronounced his grandson "certainly a fine little fellow."

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*



BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

HOWEVER it may be in other parts of the world, a man can't be a successful humourist in this country without throwing away his chance of ever winning a first prize. For our people can never respect the person who makes them laugh; they can't take him seriously; they don't feel able to look up to him. You must be consistently grave and dignified; you must have no sense of the ridiculous to prevent you from being pompous, if you want to be deferred to and bowed into a front seat.

Therefore, to be a humourist calls for courage and a spirit of self-sacrifice. Yet, such is our national hardihood, there are always authors who are cheerfully ready to offer themselves up on the altar to make a British holiday. Here are three doing it this week. One brand-new one, and two who have done it before.

Frederick Watson won his spurs among serious writers with glamorous historical romances like "Shallows"; and among less serious writers with social satires of "The Voice of the Turtle" kind. Earlier, he published a humorous book under a pseudonym; but now he has come out openly among the humourists with "The Humphries Touch"—as joyously farcical a thing as "Vice-Versâ." To detail its plot would be as futile as to explain a joke. You must read it for yourself. Incidentally, a scene in which a bland publisher accounts to an author for why his books won't sell will strike a reminiscent chord in the bosoms of many authors—but that struggling novelist is a minor person, merely a teacher at the moss-covered old Public School to which young George Andrews Humphries, who went into business early, and is already a Napoleon of finance, goes to complete his education, with disastrous results to the school and everybody connected with it.

It is broad, lively farce again in "Piccadilly Jim," of course, for P. G. Wodehouse is by now a confirmed humourist, and, for the sake of the gaiety of nations, I hope he will never get over it. He shares his scenes impartially between England and America, and, though he is a true-born Englishman, handles the quaintest Americanisms with the ease of a native. If in real life the home-sick Mr. Crocker—pining in London, where his ambitious millionaire-wife is fiercely climbing into high society, bent on boosting him into a peerage—would not have bolted to America and gone as butler in the house

cost. "The Sunshine Settlers" is not so wildly farcical as the other two; but life is not invariably the serious affair that humourless folk would make of it; and you feel there is truth in his sketches of everyday doings in the South African hinterland, even though they bubble over with high spirits and rollicking fun. It is the sagacious, sunny, whimsical sort of book you would expect from a settler who could sit of an evening balancing his accounts, and wonder, while he listened to the niggers singing and laughing in their kraals, whether, after all, they didn't have the best of the game.

There is a delightful vein of humour, too, with a smack of the American brand, in "The Islands of Adventure." The whole story is deftly and brightly done, but in the main it is a tale of a hunt after buried treasure, bristling with excitement and adventure, and none the less satisfying because in the finish the treasure they went to look for is the one thing that the seekers do not find.

"The Pendulum," for a change, is a strong, realistic novel with a streak of romance running through it. The humour and pathos of it are the humour and pathos of ordinary existence. The Saers, a shiftless, broken, aristocratic Irish family, are all wiped out in a prologue, with the single exception of the unmanageable Morris, who ran away. He reappears, years later, as a drunken, oddly religious seafaring man, living, when he is home from voyages, with his patient, admirable, plebeian wife and large brood of children in a squalid road at Rotherhithe. The interest of the story gradually settles on their son Maurice, the one child who inherits something of the aristocratic strain of his degenerate father. The study of his temperament, and the struggle within him between the fine instincts he inherits from his father and the democratic leaven that comes to him from his mother, are very ably developed through one of the most striking narratives Miss Mordaunt has ever written.

Three war books that make a special appeal just now are "Alsace Lorraine" and "The True Story of Alsace Lorraine," which should leave you in no doubt between the rival claims to those provinces; and "The Heart of Alsace," by Benjamin Valletton, a French-Swiss who lived in Alsace for twelve years as a tutor, and brings his story down into these days of the war. It is a moving and passionately sympathetic novel founded on personal experience; an intimate revelation of what German discipline has done for life in Alsace, and of the unquenchable love of liberty and of France which survives there under an apparently resigned submission to the iron rule of a conqueror.



WOUNDED BY A TANK: PRESIDENT WILSON—AND TANK.

President Wilson is here seen riding in the Tank "Britannia," in the grounds of the White House. It was only the other day that it was announced that he had hurt one of his hands while in a tank.—[Photograph by Topical.]

of a wealthy sister-in-law who didn't know him, think how much brighter real life would be if that sort of thing did happen in it. The charming, red-haired Ann is real enough, anyhow; and if she begins by scorning love, which the whole world imagines to be the most wonderful of miracles only because "poets and novelists have hounded them on to believe it," she changes her mind when Piccadilly Jim settles down to convincing her that she is wrong.

The brand-new humourist, Crosbie Garstin, is a South African, and, as he is well known out there as a poet, I trust he has not plunged into this business of laughter-making without counting the

## BOOKS TO READ.

The Humphries Touch. By Frederick Watson. (Collins.)  
 Piccadilly Jim. By P. G. Wodehouse. (Herbert Jenkins.)  
 The Sunshine Settlers. By Crosbie Garstin. (Unwin.)  
 The Islands of Adventure. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. (Hodder.)  
 The Pendulum. By Elinor Mordaunt. (Cassell.)  
 Alsace-Lorraine. By Jules Duhamel. (Hodder.)  
 The True Story of Alsace-Lorraine. By E. A. Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus.)  
 The Heart of Alsace. By Benjamin Valletton. (Heinemann.)

# “Complete Opera The Mikado”

Gilbert and Sullivan  
Recorded under the direction of  
The D'Oyly Carte Opera Co.  
on  
“HIS MASTER'S VOICE”

It is recognised that the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas are pure English classics, because they are national and possess those qualities which will cause them in the future to be valued equally with the Comedies of Shakespeare.

The “Mikado” is undoubtedly the greatest of these, and curiously enough it was this Opera which first anticipated the rise of modern Japan, although these characters portrayed are by no means Japanese, but ourselves—in a very thin disguise. This charming travesty of Japan has been the greatest popular favourite of all comic operas since its original production at the Savoy Theatre, London, March 14th, 1885.

The following well-known Artists have recorded the songs for this well-known Opera :—

Violet Essex John Harrison George Baker Robert Radford  
Bessie Jones Violet Oppenshaw Edward Halland Ernest Pike  
and Edna Thornton  
Orchestra conducted by Mr. Arthur Wood.

Eleven Twelve-inch Double-sided Records (6/6 each), or the whole Opera complete, in a beautifully decorated Album, £3: 11: 6

LISTS POST FREE FROM  
THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX.



# The Naval Officer and the "Little Grey Books."

JUST prior to the War, a brilliant young naval officer had a bad breakdown; a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end.

He was ordered an entire and protracted rest—not only from professional duty, but from every form of work. But War broke out, and his services—he was a clever expert—were urgently needed. He rejoined.

Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command *over the heads of senior officers!* He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advantages directly resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

Equally remarkable are the tributes from soldiers and sailors:—

**GENERAL** :—I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course, and have been so from the very commencement . . . There is no doubt I have benefited considerably by it. . . . I may add that I have felt the Course to be so good that I have induced several officers of the Brigade to take it up.

**FLYING CORPS OFFICER** :—It has been of use to me in increasing my efficiency in the particular work we carry on as officers in the R.F.C. It has also enabled me to partially or wholly forget minor ailments and worries, especially to conquer that form of nerves known as "wind up."

**LIEUT.-COLONEL** :—Very many thanks for the special Military Exercises. As a direct consequence of Lesson 2 I have got a step in rank which, though only temporary, is certainly one in the right direction.

**CAPTAIN** :—My memory is immensely improved—so much so that I have just been able to accept a Staff appointment, which I could not have done before doing the Pelman Course.

So popular is the Pelman System in the Army that often officers and men coming back from the front on a few days' leave come straight from the train to the Pelman Institute to enrol for the Course on the recommendation of a brother-in-arms, or to bring a message from a fellow Pelman student in the trenches.

## Is "Pelmanism" Worth While?

Let any man of common-sense reflect upon the fact that *nearly one hundred Admirals and Generals*, as well as considerably over 25,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?

The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come *voluntary* evidence that the Pelman system—duly practised—NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.

An amusing instance of the thoroughness with which scepticism is dispelled by acquaintance with the System is supplied by the record of a professional man who, before enrolling, expressed incredulity of the statements made.

"It was impossible," he said, "that such benefits could be attained by the study of any books or by a correspondence course of instruction. The claims are fantastic." Nevertheless he enrolled, in order to satisfy his curiosity.

Within a month that sceptic had written three letters in terms of the most enthusiastic praise of the Pelman System. "A single one of the lessons," he declared, "would be cheap to me at £100."

## All Classes Benefit.

Comment is unnecessary. But it should be pointed out that the benefits of Pelmanism are not confined to any particular class. *Every* class is benefiting.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent. is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

Members of Parliament (both Houses), peers and peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors, and artists, scientists, professors, and university graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all of these. Even Royalty is represented—and by *several* enrolments!

## A National Institution.

Look where you will, the new movement is permeating every section of the community. The Pelman Institute has become, in effect, a national institution, and there are many who predict that, sooner or later, it must become so in fact.

But State control could add nothing to the efficiency with which the work of the Institute is carried on. The instructional staff includes psychologists of the highest reputation on both sides of the Atlantic: every one of our great Universities is represented thereon. And the organisation of the instructional work is, in itself, a splendid tribute to Pelmanism; for every student receives individual consideration, and his or her problems or difficulties receive the close attention of a capable, practical psychologist.

All sorts of problems—some of them new and some of them familiar—are being brought every day to the Pelman Institute for advice and

help, and it is safe to say that no "Pelmanist" has yet been disappointed with the assistance given.

## Wounded Officers "Pelmanising."

There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" whilst in hospital; and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future.

Indeed, quite apart from any other advantage, the course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" fill one with a new sense of power, a new and greater belief in Possibility.

It is not, however, merely a question of financial, business, or professional gain that makes "Pelmanism" so desirable a training. Great as its achievements are in those directions, they are altogether transcended by the extent to which the System enables one to add to the interest and pleasures of existence. Some day, it is to be hoped, an eloquent pen will do justice to this theme—the higher values of Pelmanism.

## "Playing the Game."

Here is a characteristic letter bearing on the point; it was written by a University man now in the Army:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Testimony of a similar nature comes from a member of the gentler sex:—

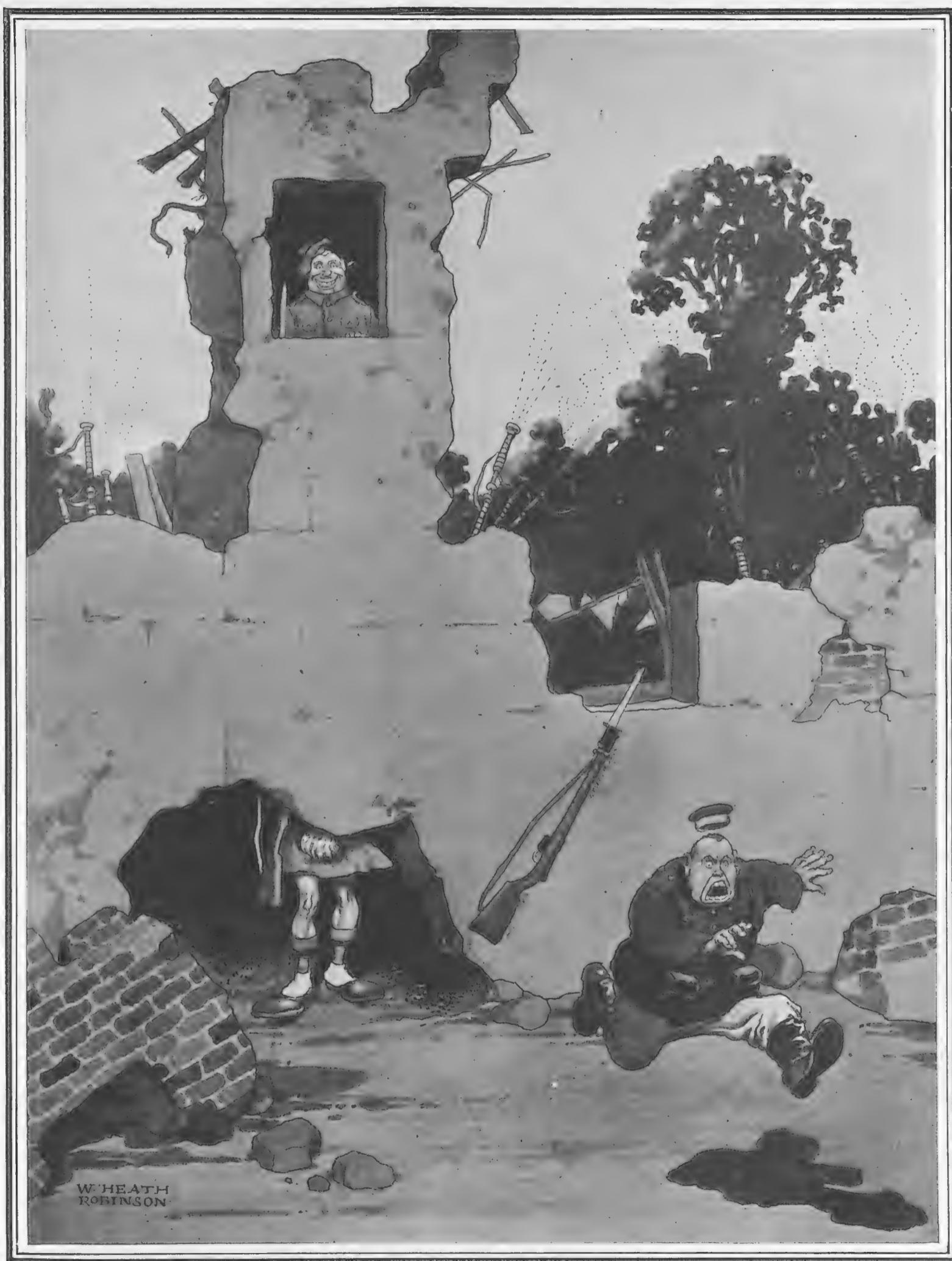
"Though leading a busy life, my income is inherited, not earned. My object in studying Pelman methods was not, therefore, in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of fifty, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty."

"I have found the Course not only most interesting in itself, but calculated to give a mental stimulus and keenness and alertness to one's mind, which is just what most people feel the need of at my age."

Letters such as these, no less than those which speak of salaries doubled, positions and promotions gained, or other material advantages, make it clear that TRUTH was well justified in declaring that "the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance"; they also explain why such distinguished public men as Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and others, have not hesitated to endorse the methods and principles of the Institute. There is no man or woman who has expressed dissatisfaction with the result of his or her dealings with the Pelman Institute.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report and a form entitling readers of THE SKETCH to the complete Pelman Course at *one-third less than the usual fee*, on application to The Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

## LONG JOCK.



CANNY KILTIE CAMOUFLAGE!

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



## BRITISH SUPERIORITY IN THE AIR: CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

ONE learns from various sources—including, with due acknowledgments, the official war correspondents at G.H.Q.—that the *morale* of the German flying men is not as high as it might be, and that they attribute their inferiority to the high quality of the British aeroplanes more than to the excellence of our aviators. The point is debatable.

**The Bad Old Days** This is really quite an interesting admission, for it is corroborative evidence as to the **That are no More**, increasing rapidity with which newly designed British aeroplanes and engines are produced in quantities and sent out on active service. In the bad old days—anything over eighteen months ago is ancient in these rapidly moving times—there used to be a grim joke among our flying people to the effect that we were never less than a year ahead of the Germans in our designs, and never less than six months behind them in deliveries. There was much truth in the jest, for the particular machines which gave us such marked superiority over the Germans during the Battle of the Somme in the autumn of 1916 actually made their first appearance as experimental samples in the summer of 1915, and were not ordered in quantities till the spring of 1916.

## Speeding-Up Aircraft Production.

The efforts of the Air Board of 1917, under Lord Cowdray and Sir William Weir, changed all this remarkably for the better, and we now see the result. None would claim that it would not be possible to speed up still more, and the excellent people who are now in charge at the Air Ministry are doing a great deal in that direction. So we may look forward to steadily and rapidly increasing the superiority which the Royal Air Force already holds over the air Hun.

## The New Supervisor of Production.

The recent appointment of Sir Arthur McDougall Duckham, K.C.B., to supervise aircraft production, in succession to Sir William Weir, the Air Minister, should help materially to that end, for he has a high reputation as an accelerator of output, and one knows something personally of his keenness in economising material and labour, and of his ability in putting the right men into

## General Trenchard's New Duties.

The announcement that Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard is to take command of "an important part" of the Royal Air Force in France will, at any rate remove some of the dissatisfaction which raised such a storm when he left the Air Council. All those who have served with or under General Trenchard recognise his soldierly ability; and there are few who have not come under the influence of that strong personality which gave him such an immense hold over all ranks in the R.F.C., as well as that portion of the R.N.A.S. which had the honour of serving under him. Consequently, it is highly gratifying to all that he should still be associated with the Service in France.



WHERE AMERICANS ARE SCHOoled IN COMBAT-FLYING BEFORE GOING TO THE FRONT: AT AN AVIATION FIELD IN FRANCE.—[Official Photograph.]

**R.A.F. Uniform.** Though our aviators are becoming reconciled to the design of the Royal Air Force uniform as a whole, there are still points about it which are not pleasing to those who are ordered to wear it. Especially there is dissatisfaction about the question of buying it. The soldiers in the R.F.C. are all right, and so are the R.N.A.S. people who already own khaki uniforms, for their kit can be altered to R.A.F. pattern without much expense. The cap is the most expensive item in their purchases. Their tunics only need to have the badges and belt altered; and their slacks, breeches, and so forth are correct as they are.

## A Matter of Expense.

The people who own R.F.C. double-breasted tunics are not so well off, because, though possibly their noble bosoms might be altered to suit the new design, it seems unlikely that any tailor could make a good job of it, so they will probably have to buy new tunics. The people who really suffer, however, are the R.N.A.S. and R.N.V.R. officers, especially the latter, who only draw 11s. a day pay, for they have to buy a complete outfit down to socks and shirts. The allowance of £25 for the new kit only covers about half what a properly complete outfit costs, and there is not much change out of 11s. a day from which to pay the balance due to the tailor. One ventures to suggest that the country might be saved much money, and that justice might be done to everybody, if each officer were allowed to requisition for precisely what articles he required, his list of needs being checked by his commanding officer.



BROUGHT DOWN BY AMERICAN AIRMEN: THE REMAINS OF TWO ENEMY MACHINES.

Of one of the machines nothing remains but the engine and some tangled framework.—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]

the right jobs. A man may be a heaven-sent genius himself; but, if he has not the gift of delegating duties to others, he either dies of overwork or ruins his department. In the art of delegating duties Sir Arthur Duckham has been singularly successful, and to his ability in this direction he adds long and successful experience of handling men and material in the engineering industry. Therefore, we may well look forward with confidence to future output.

is to be set right. The absence of a Sam Browne belt has made it difficult for the N.C.O.s and men of other Services to recognise an officer when they saw one. The French and Americans adopted the Sam Browne some time ago. It is now said that R.A.F. officers will in the future—date not specified—wear black Sam Brownes, like the Rifle Brigade, with black cord shoulder-straps, similar in shape to those worn by some cavalry regiments.

**Officers' Belts.** It is alleged that one objection to the R.A.F. uniform

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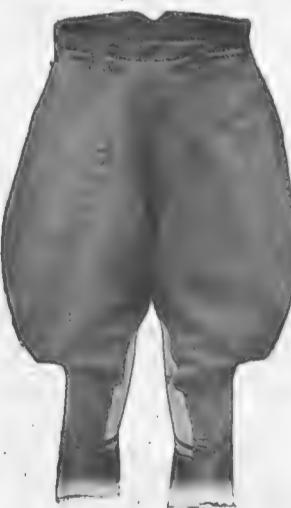
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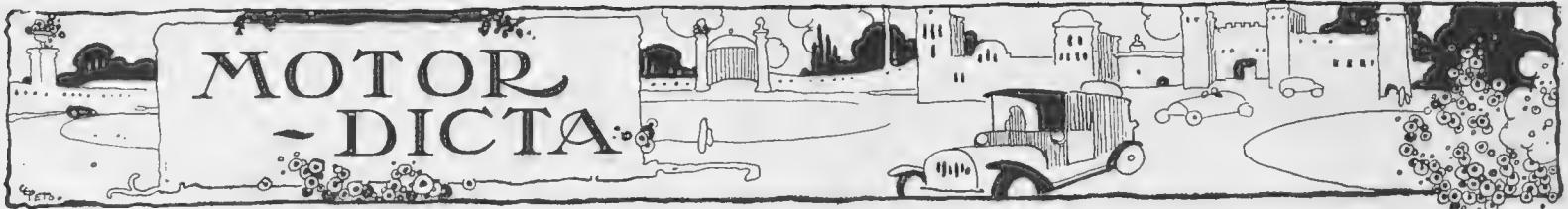
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## A DAMOCLEAN TAX: A LUXURY? ARE NOT MOTORS "ESSENTIAL"? BY GERALD BISS.

THE burning subject in the world of automobilism, discussed everywhere without either wine or walnuts in these dour days, is the damoclean luxury tax hanging over our heads; and, an optimist ever, in this instance even I must confess certain qualms of pessimism in less ebullient moments. None the less, the logic is against it; but we are dealing not with orthodox Oxford professors, or even cut-and-dried mathematicians from Cambridge, but with a pawky Scotch Chancellor of the Exchequer with an itching palm, and, withal, up to his eyes in debt. The case for the prosecution, so to speak, apart from that love of our money which is the root of all the evils the Budget is subjecting us to as never before in its whole long tale of usury, rests upon two counts—the one, popular prejudice of long standing and the assurance of the glad hand of the proletariat; and the other, that both our Allies of Gaul, though divided into three parts over it, and our friend the Enemy have adopted it. Good enough, I fear, for any impersonally ravenous and ravening Chancellor!

**Petrol Restriction** On the other hand, how far will it be remunerative in the long run—the touchstone of all sound taxation? It appears to me rather to represent the stultification of taxation. Look at the logic of it. If such a "luxury" imposition is to obtain only for the duration of

whole history, just when it is trying to find its legs and establish its equilibrium upon a permanently sound basis, not only for its own good, but for the greater good of the nation? Where would be the logic of it, I ask you?

### Taxing an "Essential" Industry.

Already Lord Balfour's Committee has definitely laid down—let us fondly hope as the result of the propædeutic scribblings of such serious-minded folk as myself—that "in the case of some industries which ask for aid (the electrical and motor industries are illustrations of these) the present position is largely due to ill-advised legislation." That should surely put the lid on it both in logic and in fact; and such a frank admission is invaluable to the future of motoring in every aspect, be it commercial or personal. For in the days after the war those who motor will have to cut their cars according to their cash, which will be more restricted and taxed in a score of other heavier ways than in the good old times of piping peace. Taxation on motoring will in very many cases make all the difference between buying a car or going without; and that constitutes the reaction upon an "essential" industry at its most critical time.



ON THE FRENCH WESTERN FRONT: A LOAD OF AGRICULTURAL TRACTORS AND OTHER MACHINERY.—[French Official Photograph.]

the war, be it long or be it short, petrol is for that period only to be doled out in ridiculous and ever-diminishing quantities to the very few—I do not question but that this be both necessary and right—for purposes purely national or necessary; and without petrol or other equally controlled gaseous fuels it is outside the power of mortal man to make the wheels of his automobile spin round. Therefore, under such stringent conditions, how can a car be accounted a luxury?

**For "Duration," or Beyond?** No definition of the duration of such a luxury tax, however, has so far been given for our just enlightenment. It is, indeed, a politician's point carefully kept in the background. But suppose it be deliberately preserved after the war, as doubtless it would be, as no Chancellor ever voluntarily abandons a tax once established; even though it be ostensibly a war measure, as was the now stupendous income-tax in its young and innocent days, lost in the vista of the dim past. For our sins—or, rather, those of the Hun—we have recently had to wade through the Report of Lord Balfour's most excellent Committee; and this has definitely singled out the hitherto much-abused motor manufacture as one of the "essential" industries of the country, which must be reconstructed successfully at all costs, differing but little, in the jargon of reconstruction (which is growing quite a young dictionary of its own), from a "key" or a "pivotal" industry. Now, would it not be a political paradox beyond parallel even in these astounding times to plank a "luxury" tax upon an "essential" industry at the most critical period of its

whole history, just when it is trying to find its legs and establish its equilibrium upon a permanently sound basis, not only for its own good, but for the greater good of the nation? Where would be the logic of it, I ask you?

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**Bless Lord Balfour.** Doubtless we shall, ere this sees the light of print, or shortly after, hear what action the new United Council has taken in this important matter, and what success it has met with; and in this respect the absence of the "A.A." as an amateur body pure and simple, should, paradoxically, help to strengthen its hand as representing the essential industry without dilution or taint of such pleasure as we have all but forgotten from long disuse. Success would be a fine début for this new body of united interests; and remember that the best-laid plans of mice and men do sometimes come off. So take heart of grace,

even ye who fare nabobishly in multi-cylindered limousines; bless Lord Balfour for those few kind words, and hope for the best in the face of everything. Meanwhile, petrol has bumped up another tupp-



THE WHEEL—OF THE PUSH KIND—IN WAR: CROSSING A BRIDGE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

When the photograph was taken the bridge had been mined, in case it should become necessary to blow it up.—[British Official Photograph.]

pence-ha'penny a gallon; but who really cares in these dry days if only he or she can get hold of an occasional war-toned tin of vital essence? No one could afford to buy *much* at present prices. Therefore, let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we are called up!



RUNNING A GARAGE FOR HER MEN: MRS. A. COYSGARNE SIM.

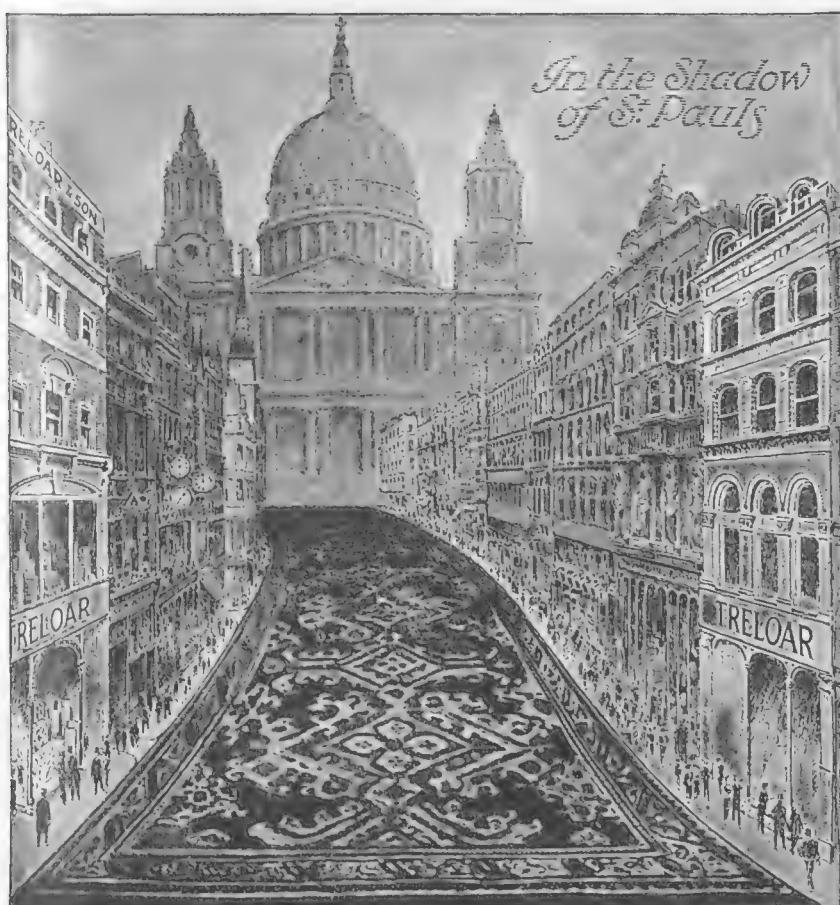
Mrs. Coysgarne Sim is running a garage for the benefit of her chauffeurs, who are in the Army—indeed, she has been doing so for nearly three years. It is known—from an old nickname—as "Golly's Garage."

Photo, Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

A Pleasant Tonic

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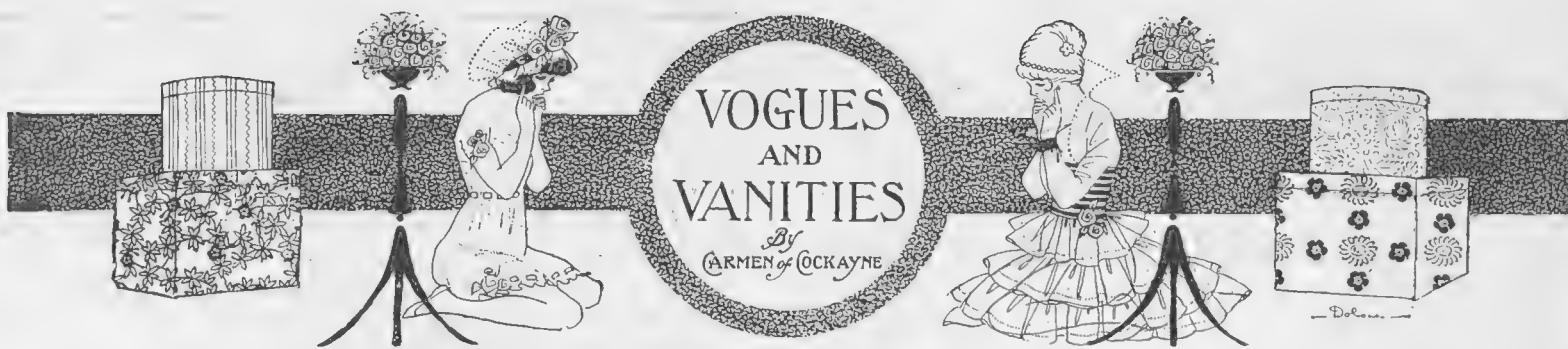
Never was the need for rapidity in regard to all transport problems more urgent than to-day. It is the special achievement of the Warland (quick-tyre-change) Dual Rim, that on occasions when moments have literally been "big as years" it has saved not moments but hours of possibly fatal delay, not to mention the saving of money, labour and, particularly in the War zone, life. To women drivers especially its convenience and ease of manipulation have been priceless.

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**Still Smiling.** Horrid talk about including frocks and frills within the meaning of the word "luxury" and taxing them accordingly *may* have a chastening effect on women's spirits; it leaves the dress artist and the people who sell his creations wholly unperturbed. To do Eve justice, she is "bearing up" remarkably well under the threat of sumptuary taxes shortly to be imposed. The possibility of an attempt on the part of mere man to limit her wardrobe or make her pay heavily for the privilege of maintaining it at its pre-war level troubles her, apparently, not at all. She is meeting, with all the steadfastness and courage she has displayed in other war-created emergencies, dark whispers of "no more silk for petticoats," and the possible introduction of socks in order that silk may thereby be saved.

**She Knows.** If visions of dress-making bills increased to twice their ordinary figure do occasionally cross her mental horizon, at least they don't affect the smiling equanimity with which she reads lists of suggested methods for imposing new taxation. She knows she must dress, and she knows the Government knows it, and she knows the Government knows she knows it, so there is nothing more to be said. If it chooses to give up the issue of moving appeals for further economy in dress in favour of taxing dress straight away, in order that the success of the war may be promoted thereby, that's the affair of the Government. She only wonders why it didn't adopt a measure so well calculated to bring in the necessary cash before.

**Preparing for Summer.** Anyhow, it's not going to be the fault of the dressmakers if we don't see gay frocks this summer, and their creative faculties show no signs of having wilted just because those who benefit by them may have to pay more for the privilege. On the contrary, dress artists seem, in the nicest possible fashion, to have gone out of their way to make the frocks that cost a guinea or so more attractive than ever, so that even the least rich of women won't be able to pride themselves on looking dowdy in the national interest.

**Smartness and Economy.** There is no better place at which to study the infinite possibilities for smartness that lurk in blameless checked zephyr, striped voile, or the many varieties of cotton crépe that go to make this year's summer gowns than Gooch's, Brompton Road, S.W., where simplicity and

chic are cunningly combined at figures that might even persuade Mr. Bonar Law to give up the "luxury" tax in favour of something likely to yield better results. There is, after all, no sense in seeking for smartness in silk when it is to be found in white hair-cord zephyr, checked in any colour your fancy inclines to, made up into a simple affair, the belt, collar, and cuffs of which are outlined with plain bands to match the shade of material selected—or, alternatively, there is always striped lawn somewhat similarly treated in readiness to do duty on any occasion in the most satisfactory way possible.

**Material Variations.**

Fashion hates monotony as Nature abhors a vacuum, and war-time conditions have brought about a state of things in which the frock of your dreams may be had in almost any material, and yet be in accordance with the latest notions of La Mode. Zephyr, fine cotton voiles—plain, spotted, striped, or sprigged—are immensely popular as well as becoming, and, what is equally important, moderate in price. Dolores shows how the dressmaker of to-day is making the most of her opportunities and materials; but it is not easy in the space of a single article to do justice to the assortment of "treasures" Gooch's have gathered together for the benefit of dress-loving women. Simplicity unadorned is good, though (as there are those who hold that it's all the better for a little outside aid in the way of decoration) some of the gowns—especially those of the cotton crépes that are available in such a wide range of shades—have embroidered motifs of silk or cotton or linen to add to their native charm. Grey cotton crépe, for instance, forms an admirable background for the delicately worked sprays in bronze and green silk posed on the deep yoke whence hangs one of those accordion-pleated tunics that is so fashionable just now.

**A Newcomer.** Novelties are always interesting, and cotton gabardine, the latest arrival in the dress world, is a welcome addition to frock fabrics. It wears as well as it looks, and washes into the bargain; and some of the most attractive of the new summer suits are made with facings of sponge cloth or towelling according to taste. For the necessary towel has been enlisted for duty, and the coats and skirts into which it is made are not the least luring of the models at Gooch's, Brompton Road.



*We have all got to be economical these days; but none of us need be dowdy so long as cotton crapes, zephyrs, and lawns can be made up into the kind of things Dolores has sketched to-day.*

## ROUGH AND CHAPPED HANDS

so troublesome just now, especially to ladies engaged in munition work or work about the house, are easily avoided by using

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**Holes in Our Tempers.**

All sorts of things they are doing to us; and we, believing it to be for our ultimate good, are complacent. One thing happens that, if we were male creatures and allowed to express ourselves forcibly, would turn our coos into curses. It is the way our shoe-laces break just as we are hurrying to keep an appointment or rushing to try and find a corner in an Alien-filled train. It is a small but really upsetting episode at the beginning of a day. There is a way out of every wood if we only know how to find it, and "Herculaces" are the way out of this one. If one only remembers to ask for them and insist on having them, there won't be so many holes in our tempers. They do not break and the tags do not come off, and so they help us through our trying time; so do not forget to provide "Herculaces"—they are worthy of their name.

**Soft and Silky.** "Nah-poo" may rhyme with "shampoo," when the hair-dresses are ungetatable. There is no nah-poo, however, about Icilm Shampoo sachets, which should always be at hand. You feel at once that you are being cleansed, cooled, refreshed, when you put your head into the lovely, soft, silky lather made by one of these sachets, which cost only twopence, or seven for a shilling. They are so good for the hair, too, that it actually grows out of gratitude to you for using them. The Icilm Company, 37-41, King's Road, St. Pancras, is the source from which they come.

**The Coat of All-Wear.**

I wonder what the ladies of the Luxury Tax Sub-Committee will fix upon as the limit of necessity for sports coats? The name is misleading; they are really coats of all-wear—they fit in with the exigencies of our climate in the most marvellous way. At Jays' now, where these coats are one of many specialties, one finds them in practical, warm, light woollen fabric suitable for days when the wild nor'-easter wanders free, to jumpers of the richest silk, to pull

on after a game of tennis, a walk in the garden, a bit of heat-provoking work in the house, or any arduous exercise, before sitting down to enjoy a cup of tea and a chat. One can buy, at Jays' attractive and exclusive establishment, a coat of lightly knitted wool with silken stripes in some favourite dainty colour, having a deep roll-collar, pockets, and a narrow sash with silk ends, and the price is only five guineas; the length is thirty-two inches, and the style is Jays'—therefore all that there is of the irreproachable.

**Her Prop and Stay.**

If there is any woman uninstructed in the lore of Babedom—and I am told that ignorance on the subject accounts for half the ills that human flesh is heir to—let her hie her to the chemist's and get Savory and Moore's Food. It is such a simple guide to the right way, and directions are enclosed. I met a man some weeks ago who told me that, between his having to join up, and worry about a baby which absolutely refused to thrive, his wife was wearing herself to

fiddle-strings. My good advice has gained me his sincere gratitude. Coming across him in khaki the other day, I asked about the precious one. "All right—thriving splendidly," was the reply; and he added that his wife did not mind his joining up at all—she only wanted him to tell him all about baby and to lean on in her trial. She leans on Savory and Moore's Food now, and finds it her prop and stay.

**Habitation in a Handbag.**

Bagwomen, bag-women, every one; it is no use to say that pockets are in and bags are out. Not a bit of it; pockets are in, and bags are more the vogue than ever. Not only is one the *cachet* of a costume, but it is indispensable. Can you see in your mind's eye a woman of fashion produce her powder-case and puff from a coat pocket? Can you imagine her searching the resources of her garments for her sugar-box, which one has to carry now in case one asks a friend to tea who has a sweet tooth? Is it womanly to bring out from a pocket a cigarette-box, match-box, or mirror? No; all these things have their natural habitation in a handbag. I saw some at Harrods the other day in French bead-work, in perfect colour-schemes and great beauty of design. I pictured myself having one of them with my new early-hour theatre frock, and I can assure you the picture was pleasing.

**Investments.** These are days for careful investment.

On this score, there was much curiosity as to who had bought the unique and exceedingly valuable necklace sold at Christie's quite recently. It is a beauty, consisting of forty nine large graduated pearls of the most beautiful Oriental kind, and perfect in lustre and brilliance. The snap is set with a brown brilliant of great beauty, surrounded with white brilliants. So fine an ornament has rarely come under the hammer, and it caused a great deal of curiosity. Its history, could it be told, is as interesting as the pearls are lovely. The purchase was made at £17,200 by Carrington and Co., the well-known pearl merchants of Regent Street, and the investment is thus, we may be sure, a good one. Money laid out judiciously on pearls nowadays is by no means badly invested.

**The Flags of Fate.**

Aye, there's the Scrubb! It is Cloudy Ammonia, and even the Hun never found a horrid substitute for it—or, if he did, it hung heavy on his hands, for we all knew our Scrubbs Cloudy Ammonia and the way to make certain of getting it. There is no such cleanser, brightener, renovator—I dip my pen to it, not having a flag at hand or a hat on head. When we used to look at the Stars and Stripes waving outside our bottles of Scrubbs, did we ever think that they would wave together over a world cleansed, as they did then and do now over a world cleanser? If we did not think it, now we know it.

**Read Their Reward.**

The opulent Alien thoroughly believes in the Hidden Hand. He is, and so is she, immensely amused over the suggested twenty per cent. rise in price of season tickets. Having made a modest pile out of our misfortune of war, he—and also she—regard such a circumstance as contemptible. They are, in fact, pleased—because, if imposed, it will secure for them first-class compartments free from the presence of a number of those plodding Britons who go to honest hard work every day, and read their reward on their journey in accounts of holding the Huns and blocking their sea-bases.



Three hats which prove that height and width are equally fashionable for head-gear.



The advance-guard of summer in georgette and lace, with a rose-strewed sash of taffetas.

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GOWN, made in  
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of self, or contrast-  
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heavy weight Crêpe-de-  
Chine, daintily trimmed  
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made in our own work-  
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Champagne. Made from  
Crêpe-de-Chines worth  
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Crêpe-de-Chine, arti-  
stically decorated with  
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Ribbon at neck and  
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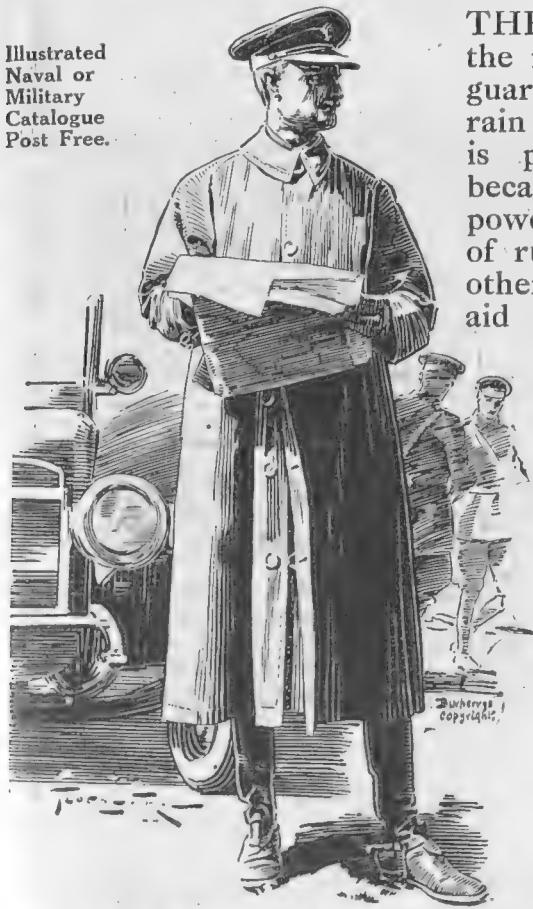
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Tie to match. White  
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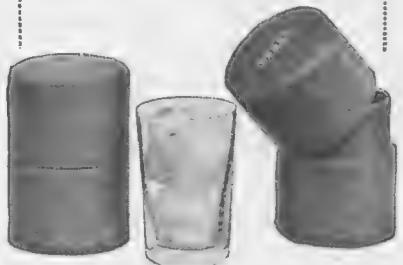


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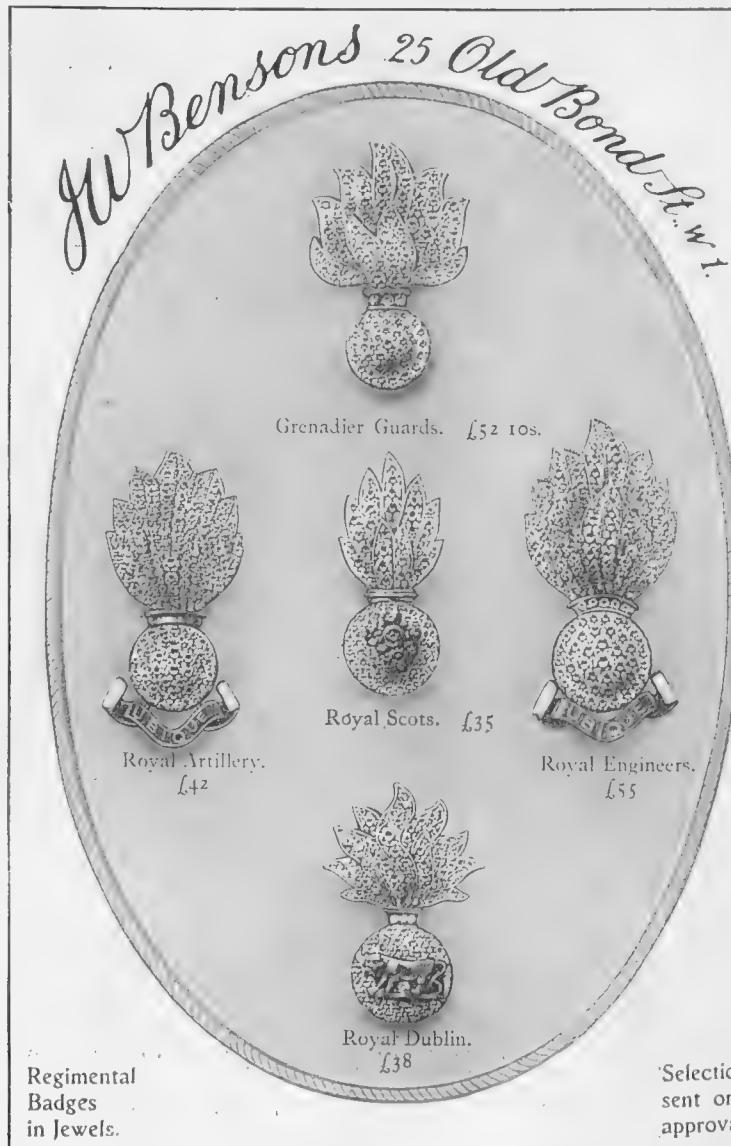
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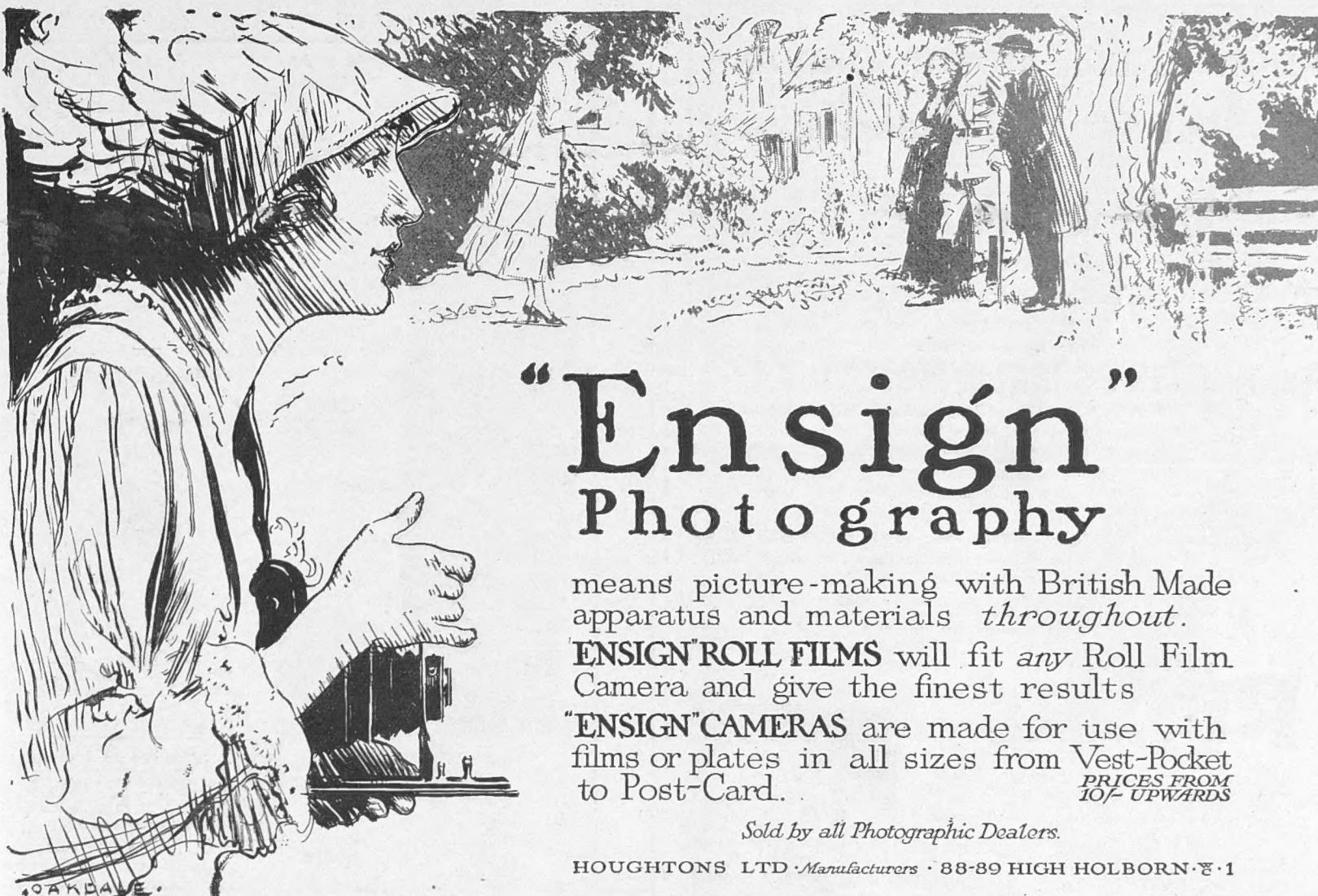
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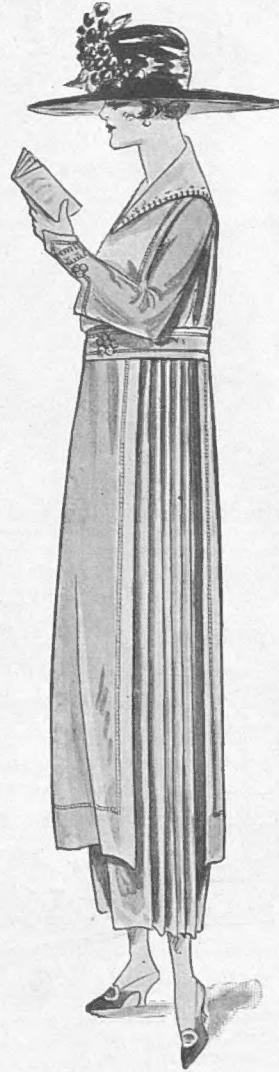
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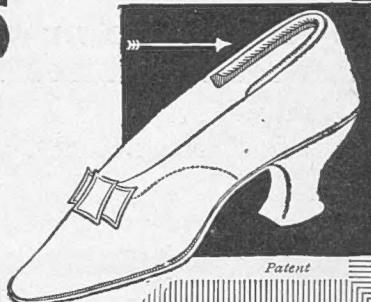
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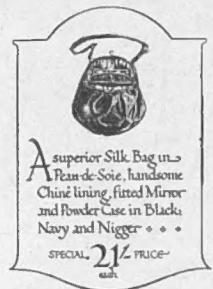
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FOR  
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